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Engraver

MERCURY

# MERCURY.

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## Mercury.

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### A STORY OF MANY PUZZLES.

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Our young readers will certainly be very much delighted with the exquisite photogravure of their friend MERCURY which greets them in this Christmas number. He looks equal to anything, does he not, as he sits, so young, so noble, so beautiful, on "the turning sphere?" Where did he live? What did he do? What is he? The first and second questions I will try to answer, but the answer to the third our young people must find out.

Our MERCURY was born with the day. Aurora had just thrown open the gates of Night to let in the Sun, when he breathed his first breath of world air. He never was a baby exactly, for the very first morning of his life he went out walking all by himself. The Chronicles do not say that his mother objected at all. And, by the way, his mother was named Maia, or Maya. She gave her name to our month of May.

Well, young MERCURY sped along, whistling and singing; for he was full of the joy of life, and the joy of life is music. As his feet beat time to the dance of the sunbeams in his veins, one of them struck against a tortoise shell lying on the sand. Some dry tendons and muscles still remained stretched across the open part of the shell, so that when MERCURY struck against it, soft full tones rose from it and floated off on the air in sweet music.

"The very thing!" cried MERCURY. He stooped, picked up the shell, examined it, worked on it for a little while, then ran his fingers over the strings, and the music in his heart rippled forth. He had invented the first musical instrument!

He turned homewards rejoicing. A strong desire arose in his heart to show his power. Just then he spied some rare cattle belonging to his half-brother, Apollo. These animals were most sacred, but MERCURY cared little for that. He whistled them into a cave, completely out of sight, and confused their tracks in such a way that no one could discover their hiding place.

Apollo searched far and wide for his much-prized cattle, but he could not find them. He felt certain that his newly born half-brother had something to do with their disappearance. In his trouble, he went to Jupiter. Father Jupiter had the culprit brought before him, and Apollo repeated his charge, accusing MERCURY of theft. Jupiter put on his severest look, and the many gods and goddesses drew near to listen to the trial.

MERCURY began to plead his cause with so much eloquence, and, as he continued, showed so much ingenuity and skill, that everyone applauded. Even Jupiter smiled, and Apollo proposed a compromise. MERCURY returned the cattle, and gave his newly invented lyre to Apollo, while Apollo made MERCURY chief of his herdsmen ; for he said that one shrewd enough to steal the cattle would be just the one to keep them from all other thieves. He also gave to MERCURY the famous serpent wand that you see in the picture. It is called the caduceus.

From this time, MERCURY became the patron god of lawyers ; of all reasoners who try to make one believe that black is white. But he rose to far higher dignities. Remember, he then became the lord of the serpent wand. Also, Jupiter made him his special messenger. Whenever one of the lesser gods abused His power, or some hero was wasting his time and talents, MERCURY sped down the blue ether with special powers to right the wrong.

Once there lived in a fair island of the blue southern sea a very beautiful witch, whose amusement it was to turn men into pigs and other disagreeable animals. Now, it happened that a great wanderer named Ulysses came to this isle. He knew nothing of the wicked witch, nor of the fate that awaited him and his men. He was going straight into the witch's power, and already some of his men whom he had sent to reconnoitre had been turned into pigs, when MERCURY came to him, looking just as you see him in the picture. He said, " Beware, danger is ahead of you. This is the home of wicked Circe. Take this flower (he gave Ulysses a sprig of holly), put it into the wine she offers you. By this

means you will destroy her spells." Then he told Ulysses how to subdue Circe, the witch, and force her to restore his men to their form. Ulysses, the great wanderer, followed MERCURY'S advice, and conquered Circe.

MERCURY has always been the good friend of those who earnestly try to be great.

It was MERCURY, also, who led the souls of the dead from their worn-out bodies across the mighty river Styx, into the presence of the Judge of the Dead. The river Styx is the silent river that flows between the earth and the land of Kama Loca and Devachan.

In Egypt, MERCURY was known as Hermes, the great teacher of men, and the keeper of the Hidden Mysteries. The Egyptians were a very serious people. They did not care for fun and laughter. The big pyramids and those awful looking sphinxes kept them in order, and we never hear of MERCURY indulging in any frolics or escapades so long as he was the Egyptian Hermes. Hermes loved science. But in Greece, MERCURY busied himself with trading, with flocks and herds, and—yes—and *tricks*. He took away the girdle of Venus (that famous girdle that made the wearer irresistibly beautiful), Vulcan's tongs, Neptune's trident, the sword of Mars, and the helmet of Hades that made one invisible. His quick, skilled fingers and subtle mind seized the possessions of the gods whenever it pleased him to show them what he could do. Yet, with all his propensity for taking things, the Greek MERCURY was kind, gentle and noble.

The cold climate of the North had a very bad effect upon MERCURY. When he travelled to Scandinavia he forgot his goodness. His skill became cunning; his mischief developed into wickedness. As Loke he became a sorrow to the gods and a terror to men. At least, he caused the death of Baldur, the Beautiful, and the death of Baldur was the death of the world. Hence, MERCURY as Loke brought destruction; he brought the Ragnarok.

The greatest feat of the beautiful, kindly Greek MERCURY was the killing of Argus, the giant with a hundred eyes. Jealous Juno had set this hundred-eyed giant to spy upon the lovely Io. Io could have no rest because of those eyes. So Jupiter sent MERCURY to kill the giant. It was a very hard task, for all the eyes never closed at one time. Argus always slept with some eyes open. As long as the eyes watched, MERCURY could not get a chance to strike the fatal blow. He played, he sang, he did all

kinds of things; but the giant did not shut all his eyes. (No doubt he was too well amused.)

Then MERCURY began to tell stories; and while he was telling of the invention of a reed instrument called the syrinx, the giant closed all his eyes (it is whispered that he snored), and MERCURY killed him. Juno gathered up all the eyes she could find, and put them into the peacock's tail.

So endeth the Chronicles of MERCURY. Each story is a riddle. Who can read it? Who will tell us who MERCURY is, and the real meaning of MERCURY'S thefts, of Argus, etc.? Let our young folks try.

## The Morning Glory's Rebirth.

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There was once such a beautiful garden, that lay sheltered within a convent wall in the heart of a great city. All around it the wall was very high, and the morning glories were wont to climb over it and look out on the passers by. Inside the wall were roses, lilies, sweet-faced pansies and gay honey-suckles, while the walks were bordered with fragrant pinks and modest little pearl daisies.

From their lofty position in life, the morning glories had a way of looking down on their friends blooming in the garden below, and wondering how the lilies and roses could be so content. Often, in the cool of the morning, as the flowers stood fresh and dewy in the sun's bright rays, they told each other their hopes and wishes, and all longed to know more of the great world outside, which they heard of through the sweet-faced nuns who looked so lovingly at them and tenderly cared for them, talking, meantime, of the world, stretching vast and wide in every direction.

The wind told them that after a time the summer would end, and although their flowers might fade and fall to the earth, they would go on living, but in a different way. So the morning glories did not mind when their dainty petals faded and died, but took care of each little seed-cup, making each as perfect as possible, so that each little seed would bring forth a perfect plant and beautiful blossoms—not an inferior dwarf with imperfect blossoms and fruit. So they drank in the food as the roots sent it, and breathed in the dew and airy sunshine, and grew in cheerful obe-

dience. But, towards the close of the summer, they would talk of the future, and tell what grand things were going to happen to them by and by. Some wanted to travel to lands where frost never comes ; others hoped to bloom in some great palace garden ; while others wanted to see the world before they settled down.

One big, beautiful fat fellow, who swayed from the very tiptop of the wall, was especially fond of boasting. He looked in utmost contempt at the other flowers, and held the forget-me-not and the violet too lowly for his notice. They were away down, and he said unkind things to his brothers and sisters that nestled farther down among the leaves and grasses at the foot of the wall. He would sway about from his towering height, and tell of the beautiful palace of the king on the hill beyond, and oh, so many lovely things and people that he saw, so much nicer than the gray old convent and the quiet nuns. And when he had seen all the curious things in other lands, he would bloom again in the king's garden, he said.

At last, one dark, rainy night, the wind paid the garden a special visit. He came with a fury quite unlike his usual gentle presence, and before the seeds had time to think what had happened, they were whirled this way and that, on their journey through life. The smaller seeds were borne away and away, until they were far from the sight of home. But the plump braggart was so heavy that, as the wind paused to catch his breath, he dropped him, and then sped swiftly on.

And where do you think the poor seeds landed? Not in the king's garden, nor in the grand park ; but upon a box of earth just outside the window of a dingy looking tenement house—not a pleasant place at all for morning glories. They fell asleep, and the snowflakes drifted slowly down, covering them up snug and warm. All winter long their nap lasted, till one day their good friend, the sun, aroused them from their slumbers. His warm rays found their way down to the little seeds, and the spring rains pattered gently down on their resting places, till they responded to the call to wake up and go to work.

As the first green leaves peeped above the earth, a delicate little head appeared at the window to which the box was attached, and little Patsy cried, "Oh look, mamma, something is growing in our window box." His mother stopped her work to glance at the tiny leaves ; and just imagine the feelings of the morning glories

as she said, "Oh, it is nothing but a weed, most likely!"

"Nothing but a weed!" echoed the big, fat, boasting fellow, "I will try and show her something else."

So the tiny plants determined to do their best. Alas, it was not as they had planned!

Through all the bright days of spring the sun gave them as much of his light as he could; the wind fanned them gently through the hot summer hours; and the fragrant showers kept them from drooping.

But little Patsy loved them best of all. He watched eagerly as the first buds appeared, and his mother, who now knew it was not a weed, fastened a long cord from the box to the very top of the window, so the vine might be held in place.

Morning after morning, Patsy found fresh blossoms awaiting his inspection, looking so cool and lovely in their delicate pink and white gowns that he quite forgot the heat and weariness of the midsummer days. The vines so filled the window that the low narrow room where the family ate their oft-times scanty meals was delightfully cool and pleasant, and the picture which the foliage and dainty flowers made was one of loveliness.

To little Patsy, the blossoms were as angels of light, as he lovingly touched the leaves with his delicate thin fingers and murmured his admiration. And the morning glories felt content. For was it not better than blooming in the king's garden to make this little heart so glad?

—*Susa.*

"Be not afraid

To give expression to a noble thought  
Because the world may sneer and cry 'Tis naught,'  
And may upbraid.

"Be not afraid

To do the thing which conscience tells is right,  
The way is hard, but 'tis not always night;  
Thou'l be repaid.

"Be not afraid

To battle sometimes on the losing side;  
The victory of truth o'er wrong and pride,  
Is but delayed."

# Theosophy For Children.

No. 2.

## REINCARNATION.

To most children, and particularly if they are still young, the idea of having lived before on this earth seems reasonable and true. They do not know why ; but they believe they are not on the earth for the first time. This is because the real soul knows that it has lived before, and this knowledge filters down through the brain-mind as that which foolish psychologists term "innate." All so-called innate ideas are but the result of actual experience in some life. Many children have glimpses and recollections of their past life, and, particularly, if this ended, as it very often does, in their dying while they were still young. For if children die young they reincarnate almost immediately, and if their parents have loved them very dearly, they are almost sure to be drawn to them again. Thus the writer personally knows of a lady who remembers distinctly many events which happened to an older sister, who had died before she was born. There are several such instances which have been published in newspapers and magazines. This remembrance is due to the fact that the very same child returns. An older person remains in Devachan until all the actual experiences of his past life fade into *skandhas*; or, simply, the effects of his thoughts and actions survive, but all detail is lost—a very wise and beneficent thing, by the way. But in a child the actual memory of occurrences which have been impressed strongly upon its astral body is brought over because the same astral body returns. This transient astral body is the base upon which the "personality" rests, and upon which the memory of all the occurrences of our daily lives is impressed. Our bodies change every seven years, say the scientists, so that the memory of everything which happened to us longer ago than this, even in this life, would be lost if it were not for this inner astral body.

It is very well to remember the fact that all the cells of the body do change, and most of them in a much shorter time than seven years. For it proves to any intelligent person that the soul is independent of its body, and that, of course, the death of the body can not hurt or change it, any more than the adding or taking away of a hundred or more pounds of flesh can change the

real person into a different one. So that we live in many different bodies in this one life. The baby body which only weighed five or six pounds is very clearly not the same body which in the man weighs two hundred pounds, yet the soul is unquestionably identical. So if the same soul can and does use bodies in one life which differ so greatly, it is certain that it can occupy different bodies in different lives. A very good rule to remember is, that that which nature has shown herself capable of doing once she ought to be able to do again, and if she has brought us into the world this time without our assistance or knowledge, she can surely do the same thing again.

It is not well, however, to say that nature does this. That is the way in which many people think they explain a thing when they only make it darker. So that by nature is really meant that we ourselves have built these bodies, for we are a part of nature and of God. Our real, true souls are rays from God, and have all the powers of God. Our souls can do many wonderful things—much more wonderful than building these imperfect bodies, if we but develop these god-like powers within us. And this can only be done by unselfish work for others. Such work permits the soul to grow and expand its powers, while selfishness shrinks it up, and builds a thick wall of flesh, which blinds its eyes and paralyses all its divine energies. Remember this: That every kind, unselfish thought or deed acts upon our souls like water poured upon a seed in dry ground, and that by and by, if we continue to do these things, our souls, like the seed, will grow up out of the dark earth of this life into the clear air of heaven.

*Hieronymum.*

Love and passion are two states of the soul which poets, men of the world, philosophers, and fools continually confound.

—*Balzac.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

Give us the man that sings at his work; he will do more in the same time, he will do it better. —*Carlyle.*

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

—*Teacher's World.*

# We Are Seven.

MERCURY flew in the other day, more radiant than ever. "We are doing finely," he said, and his words fairly glowed with sunlight. "Yes, I am much pleased; but I do not come merely to say that I am pleased. I want to find an amanuensis for the 'Banner.' That Banner story was all very well, but it did not say anything—just pleasant chatter, so I have asked our banner to tell its own story. It said it would do so with pleasure if someone could be found to take it down in writing; for, you know, the Banner can't manage your pens, and the noisy tick of the typewriter disturbs its thoughts." "Can I be of use?" I inquired. "You can try" was the smiling answer. "Earth-life is all TRY; I will try my best." "How could you think of doing less than your best? To do the best possible is the bounden duty of everyone, young or old. The gods always do their best."

MERCURY waved his wand and was gone; the Banner waved in his place. It began to speak; its words sounded dim, dim, far distant, and were difficult to understand, for its language is dead to us. Often I failed to grasp its meaning; then, our matter-of-fact speech does not adapt itself to the wondrous thoughts expressed by our Banner. I soon found that my BEST "TRY" was far from giving the real, true thought. Still, it gave a little idea. Anyway, we can only reach TRUTH step by step; we have to grow to its stature, and it takes myriads of incarnations to grow that much. So, I will tell you what the Banner said to me in its beautiful symbol language, and that will help you to understand a great deal more.

Symbols speak to the Soul. They are to the eye that which music is to the ear. The soul of each one sees and hears according to its growth and knowledge. The more we grow in goodness, in love, in truth, the more we shall understand.

Thus spake the Banner:

"Behold upon my shiny surface a circle. That circle contains six parts. Count them carefully and you will find it so. Here, then, is the seven. Have you ever counted the colors in the rainbow? They are seven. Have you ever played or sung a scale in music: do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si—seven again. Have you counted the shining orbs that look down upon us with UNWINKING

eyes—those children of the Sun whom the peoples of the past have known and loved, yea, and worshiped? Think of all the Sevens of which you know. Look into your text books, school children, especially you who sit on the upper forms, and you will find that seven is a most important factor in nature. At the Lotus Circle you hear that each one of you is composed, that is made up, of seven somethings called principles. Did you ever pull a flower all apart so that you might examine each tiny petal and stamen? That is what we are going to do with this number *seven*. First, we will divide it into 4 and 3. 4 plus 3 equals 7. Now, in the symbol language, the number 3 represents life motion; while the *something* made alive through this life motion is expressed by the figure 4. For example, you hold in your hand a kernel of wheat, a tiny grain for seed. It is dry, hard, motionless, seemingly a dead thing. That seed is made up of certain elements, or several somethings that we call elements. In symbol language these elements are written as 4. In speaking of them we would call them the 4. Very much easier than the chemical terms, is it not? The 4 hide within themselves the 3. The 3 is fast asleep, hence the seed seems a dried-up lifeless grain. But experience tells you that life motion, the 3, is there, so you place the grain in a warm, moist, dark earth-bed, and lo! the wonderful 3 wakes; then the 4 becomes alive and active; it moves, it eats, it changes its food into fibre, blade and ear. The 4 and the 3 have produced a beneficial plant; they have become the *seven*. Everywhere around us is the seven, the work of the 4 and the 3. Some have named the 4 ‘Mother.’ Mother air, Mother water, Mother earth and the Mother of all of these—the great astral Mother of whom we know as yet so very little. The mystic 3 was called Father—Father flame, Father breath, Father motion—and the great electric Father who does so much for us to-day. The twin serpents coiled round Mercury’s wand picture, the 4 and the 3. Some think of them as entirely separate opposites which they call matter and spirit; but this way of thinking is wrong, for the two can never be separated, or the world would die.”

And this lesson on the seven was the first of the Banner’s talk.  
“Understand the seven a little, then the circle shall speak.”

M. A. Walsh.

[To be Continued.]

Our life is what our thoughts make it.

—Marcus Aurelius.

# Our Mail Bag.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

*Dear Mercury:*

Perhaps you would like to know what we are doing in our Lotus Circle in Sioux City.

After singing to-day, we had an object lesson from the vegetable kingdom. The children were asked what had happened to the trees this fall, how they appeared last summer, and how they look now; and the fact was brought out that the leaves had fallen and the trees appear dead.

Then—Are the trees dead? No. Where has the life gone? It has mostly gone down to the root, where it sleeps through the winter.

The children were given twigs freshly cut from the trees and asked: What do you find on these twigs? Buds. When did the buds grow; last year; two years ago? No, they grew last summer.

Yes, most of the buds grew last summer. What will they do all winter?

Sleep.

What will they do next spring?

They will burst open and grow into new branches and leaves. And the trees that appear so dead now will have a body of new branches and leaves, but these will be the unfolding of buds made this year.

Now, we are like the trees in these things. We have our time to sleep and rest, and our time to be awake and active and to make growth; and while we are awake and active we are making buds that will unfold into character of some kind hereafter. What kind shall it be?

Then there is the sleep we call death, which is not death to the Soul, the Real "I," because that lives on and on, and clothes itself in new leaves. And just as the tree makes this year the buds which unfold into new branches and leaves next year, so we, in this life, make buds which unfold in another, and we can make them good or bad, just as we will.

The foregoing was largely brought out by questions.

Then the children were given beans that had been soaked for

several days in water, and were asked to break them open and see what they could find. They all found the little bud with its root end; and questions were put to them regarding this, similar to those already asked about the buds on the trees. Then they were asked what would come up next spring were they to plant such beans; whether they would get corn or wheat.

What will come up if you plant potatoes? Acorns? Apple-seeds? Are you always sure of getting the same kind you plant? Are we sowing seed by what we do and think and say? If you think unkind thoughts, speak unkind words, and do unkind deeds, what will come back to you? If you think good thoughts, speak kind words, and do kind deeds, then what will you reap? How will people feel and think and act toward you? What kind of seed ought we to sow? What kind of character will grow up in us?

Next Sunday there will be a review of this lesson, bringing out some points a little plainer and making additions. When this lesson is well fixed, then another will be given from the caterpillar, cocoon, and moth or butterfly, to illustrate different stages or embodiments of the same life, always making, by analogy, an application to human life and development.

Lessons on Brotherhood will next be given.

In connection with all these lessons the children will be taught quotations which are applicable to the subject, from the Bible and other writings. Many good ones for this purpose are found in MERCURY.

Sincerely yours,

*Bandusia Wakefield.*

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### HOLD ON, BOYS!

“ Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.”

# Wise Sayings.

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That which cannot be seen nor seized, which has no family and no caste, no eyes nor ears, no hands nor feet, the eternal, the omnipresent, infinitesimal, that which is imperishable, that it is which the wise regard as the source of all beings.

—*Mundaka Upanishad.*

As the ocean is the goal of all rivers, so Thou art the ultimate goal of different paths, straight or devious, which men follow according to their various tastes and inclinations.—*Mahimnastava.*

The Universe is a combination of a thousand elements; a chaos to the sense, a cosmos to the reason. —*Hindu Sage.*

The Kings of Light have departed in wrath. The sins of men have become so black that earth quivers in her great agony. The azure seats remain empty. Who of the brown, who of the red, or yet among the black, races, can sit in the seats of the blessed, the seats of knowledge and mercy? Who can assume the flower of power, the plant of the golden stem and the azure blossom?

—*Secret Doctrine.*

O Spirit, only seer, sole judge, light of the world, son of Prajapati, spread thy rays and gather them! The light which is thy fairest form, I see it. I am that immortal person, Om!

—*Upanishads.*

## DO THE NEXT THING.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day. It is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will fall into line and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

# Puzzle Department.

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[Send answers to Puzzle Department, MERCURY, 1504 Market St., Rooms 34 and 35.]

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

11. Kitten, mitten, bitten, bit ten.

12. Caterpillar.

13.

W  
B A T  
W A T E R  
T E E  
R

14. Paper.

## 15. HIDDEN MOTTO.

(Find hidden in these two sentences a motto well known to all Lotus Circle children):

The reasons I stated to none, but they are legion. Why, earnest effort, coupled with an increasing desire for the truth, would make them plain to anyone.

## 16. ANAGRAM.

(The words in italics are transposed into one word.)

He talks and talks, an endless strain,  
His plainest language will explain,  
And seems determined to maintain  
*A stern sense* of his dignity;  
Each room he makes a lecture-hall,  
Where good advice he tenders all  
But one, whose patience is but small,  
Feels something like malignity.

## 17. RIDDLE.

It treads the land; it swims the sea,  
Holds place at feasts of high degree,  
And on his Highness' throne  
I've seen it mount the shining stairs;  
Yet trod upon in thoroughfares;  
And, though it often goes in pairs,  
It's always quite alone.

## 18. CURTAILMENT.

*Total* is a wading bird;  
 Curtail, and leave a stirring word,  
 The central figure in a scene  
 Where valor, courage may be seen ;  
 Curtail again, 'tis feminine;  
 Again, and it is masculine;  
 So does oue letter at a time  
 Confuse the subject of my rhyme.

## The Children's Hour.

## COLOR SONG.

[See October Number.]

- These are the rays of the Luminous One ;  
 (1)        Shining, shining, shining,  
           Each one in its place showing work to be done  
 (2)        Twining, twining, twining.  
 Yellow is the gold of Wisdom's own Self ;  
 (3)        Lighting, lighting, lighting,  
           It gives unto each a storehouse of wealth,  
 (4)        Guiding, guiding, guiding.  
 In Red see the warmth which brings into life ;  
 (5)        Living, living, living,  
           Dwelling in freedom from hatred and strife ;  
 (6)        Winning, winning, winning.  
 Blue is the touch that sets all in motion,  
 (7)        Sowing, sowing, sowing,  
           Kindling the flame of active creation ;  
 (8)        Growing, growing, growing.

## FINALE :

Three in One and One in Three  
 Symbol of Eternity !

Lighting, loving, living Power,  
 Filling, guiding, winning, growing,  
 Doing, shining, climbing, sowing,

Light of earth and land and sea ;  
 Light of Heavenly Majesty,  
 Thine the Love, and ours the dower !

#### EXERCISE:

Separate into groups according to the colors of caps.

- (1) Hands full sweep out and down.
- (2) Hands over each other and back.
- (3) Attitude of victory.
- (4) Repeat.
- (5) Hands crossed on chest.
- (6) Hands extended in front to receive.
- (7) Imitative sowing.
- (8) Both hands raised slowly as in benediction.
- (9) Attitude of obedience.

#### DEFINITIONS. (Educed)

“Never tell a child what he can discover for himself.”

—*Pestalozzi.*

A symbol is the picture of a real thing.

We see a real thing with the “mind’s eye.”

A symbol does not mean anything if we do not see the real thing.

When we have the symbol we can find the real thing.

The circle is the symbol of the unity and eternity of life.

The cross is the symbol of the action of life—up and out.

The spectrum is the symbol of light.

The rainbow is the symbol of the spectrum, in the form of half a circle.

It, therefore, unites “light” and “life,” and is a symbol of their identity.

We are learning to see God, or Brahma, in all things or symbols.

#### VERSES TAUGHT.

“Hatred ceases not by hatred; hatred ceases only by love.”

“Love is the fulfilling of the Law.”

“Love rejoiceth in the truth.”

“Let a man overcome anger by love; evil by good; the greedy by liberality; the liar by truth.”

*Lydia Bell.*